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THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
AUGUST 1 1928
FIVE CENTS

VOLUME I NUMBER 25

COMMISSION CLOSES DOORS

Two meetings of the City Planning Commission have been held within the week. Mr. Charles Cheney, planning consultant for the Commission, was present on Friday evening, and astonished several citizens of the town who came to observe, by announcing that the Commission would proceed into executive session. This necessitated their departure, somewhat aggrieved, while the meeting continued in private. As a commentary upon this, however, it should be noted that the Planning Commission has an advisory function only, and must submit all plans for ratification to the public as well as to the City Council.

A similar privacy marked the meeting on Tuesday evening. Those present were Mrs. Nye, chairman, Dr. P. B. Wright, Mayor Bonham, engineer Severance, Paul Flanders, Jo Mora, William P. Silva.

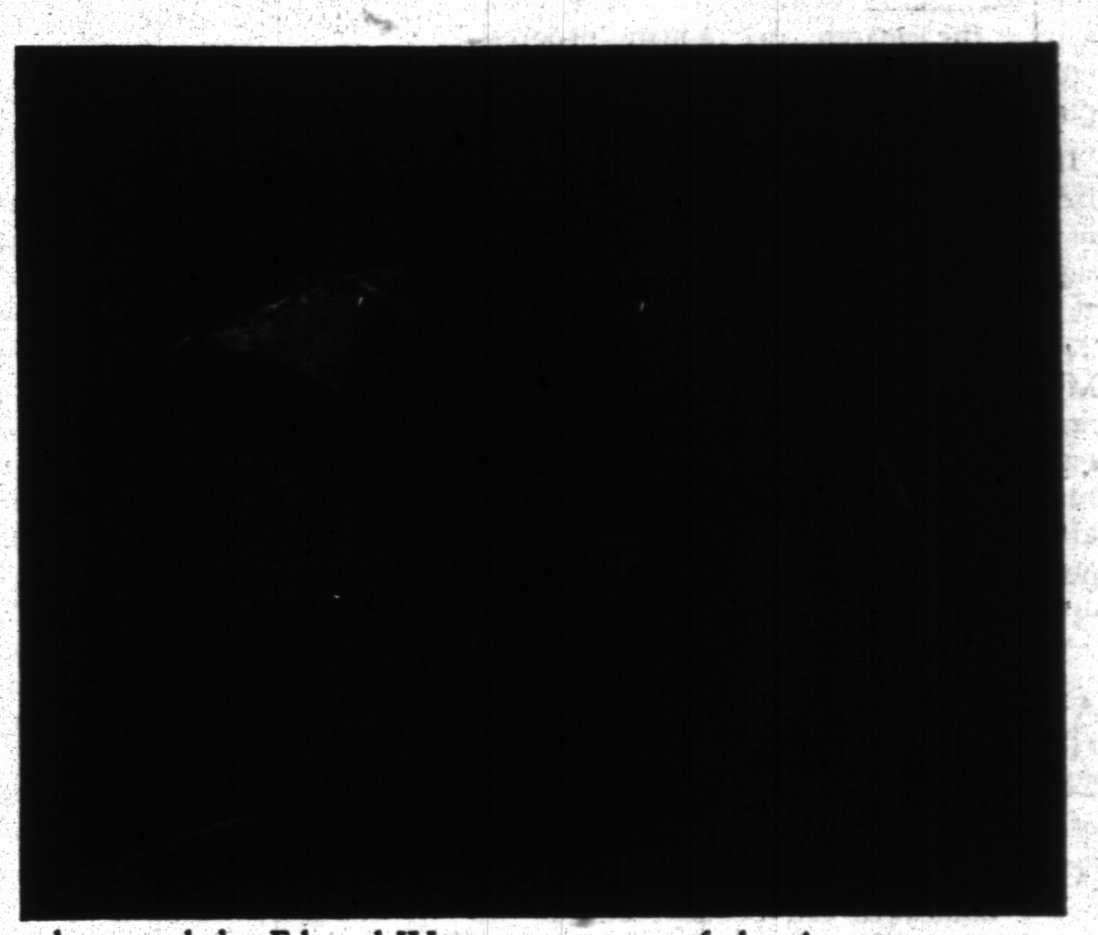
A resolution was passed to ask the City Council to levy a tax on the people of Carmel for $1500 to be used by the Commission in the coming year, probably a thousand dollars of this sum to be paid to the planning consultant. Mayor Bonham and Mr. Silva opposed this measure. It is likely that the request will reach the City Council at their meeting next Monday night August fifth.

The Commission also arranged to drive, next Friday afternoon, to inspect the proposed new roads which are a part of Consulant Cheney's general plan for the town.

THEATRE GUILD MEETING CALLED

Members of the Theatre Guild of the Golden Bough are called to a meeting at the Dickinson residence on the Point next Tuesday evening, to hear the result of conferences by the Executive Committee, of which Mr. Henry Dickinson is chairman, with Mr. Edward Kuster, owner of the building. At this meeting the future of the Theatre must be definitely settled, —whether it shall continue with the subsidies typically necessary for a theatre of the arts; whether to make fundamental reorganization; or whether to close it for the coming year and indefinitely.

SHELL STEEL



From the photograph by Edward Weston, courtesy of the Argus

I hear it far away and down
down under the sea.
The sound rushes up from the caves beneath the cliff
louder when a wave breaks;
but it is not the sound of a broken wave
(there are chariot wheels in that and horses' hoofs
and rough sailor voices shouting)
It is not the wind—yet it is music—
it is an orchestra—a full orchestra
playing a mad waltz and a madder jig time
to a dizzy wild tune that will never stop,
never to the end of the world.

I do not know who plays
far away and down
down under the sea,
but I know who they are that dance there—
who come shouting in chariots—shouting on horseback.
I know they are dead sailors with their bright sea brides
all the dead sailors—
none missing—not one since the first ship drowned—
and could I find another way to go there
I would be dancing too.

—Jeanne Burton, from Lobos Poems.

The City . . .

THE BATHHOUSE SLUMS

Carmel has its slums too.

Take a horseback ride some day, and from the height of your steed take a look at your town. Ride down Ocean Avenue and expand with pride at the litter of papers between the foot of the hill and the moving picture theater. Then saunter down toward the beach to the bathhouse grounds.

At that spot pause and admire the view. A litter of dead lunches, newspapers, and assorted picnic debris under the pines marks the march of human progress, crowned by two soft drink advertisements pinned above.

"If this is the price of ocean bathing, then BATHING MUST GO!" we concluded, in the heat of our first indignation at the sight. But eventually we weakened. "Or at least the Bathhouse."

Then a bright idea struck us. If there MUST be a bathhouse at the beach, why not let a competent Park Commission establish one, and run it? The present bathhouse pays to the city a hundred and fifty dollars a season for the use of the property. But the indignity it perpetrates upon the landscape is beyond measuring.

A SEASIDE TOWN LEARNS ITS LESSON TOO LATE

Extract from a letter written to a resident of Carmel by a guest at Laguna Beach:

"Carmel will be very fortunate if the Coast Boulevard can be kept out of the town. The official count here last Sunday was 40,000 cars through Laguna. 53,000 were checked at the cross roads. Past our house it was a constant line going in both directions. We went away in the hills in the afternoon to get away from the noise. Residence property has seriously declined in value since the road was established. . . . . "

WEATHER

"Sun! Give us sun!"

"Give us rain!" answer the trees along the lanes. Their leaves are thick with dust.

On Sunday the sun did shine in Carmel. (Anything so rare is news.) Carmel leaped out of doors; bathed in it, was nourished and again made vital with it. Almost one hoped that in the churches good citizens would pour libations of thanks to the gods. Instead, a thin bright trinkle of violin tone came forth from a window, Mrs. Stevens playing in the Community Church,—and we remembered that human beings nowadays pour out their libations to the sungod in singing, and in the dance, and reflect the light itself in the laughter they share with their neighbors.

ROBINSON JEFFERS' NEW POEM FINISHED

Robinson Jeffers has finished a new, long poem. He is now, after the difficult finishing weeks, more calmly typing and revising it. It is to be called Cawdor.

"Yes," he said, when we asked him, "I took the title from Macbeth." And then Mrs. Jeffers gave us the little explanatory note which Mr. Jeffers had written for his publishers, Horace Liveright.

* * * *

CAWDOR

"The principal poem in the book is called 'Cawdor,' and I suppose its name will serve as a name for the book.

"The events of the poem may be thought of as being already ancient history on this future-ridden coast; they end under the comet of 1910. I think of 'Cawdor' as making a third with 'Tamar' and 'The Women of Point Sur,' but as if in 'Tamar' human affairs had been seen looking westward, against the ocean; in 'Point Sur' looking upward, minimized to ridicule against the stars; in 'Cawdor' looking eastward, against the earth, reclaiming a little dignity from that association.

"The soil that I dig up to plant trees or lay foundation stones is full of Indian leavings, sea-shells and flint scrapers; and the crack-voiced church-bells that we hear in the evening were hung in thir tower when this was Spanish country. Where not only generations but races too drizzle away so fast, one wonders the more urgently what it is for, and whether this beautiful earth is amused or sorry at the procession of her possessors. Probably these wonders are the theme of most of the book.

"There will be some variety of shorter poems also, narrative and lyrical sketches expressing a state of mind that seems—at least to the writer—neither surprising nor subversive, but the mere common sense of our predicament as passionate bits of earth and water."

MRS. STEVENS PLAYS PIED PIPER

Forty children crowded into the library on Friday afternoon to hear Mrs. Ethel Stevens, in a pink dress and a flowery coat, tell them stories. They heard about the Black Kitten, and the Twin Gardens, and about the Grubs who turned out to be glow-worms with little lamps to light them home to bed. And about Octopussy and Octopuppy, and the Cricket, and Sliding Down the Bannisters.

The children will be back next Friday at three to hear the best stories over again, and some new one besides.

Many out of town admirers knock on the Jeffers' door. Recently Mrs. Jeffers fed breakfast to a young woman who averred she had had none and was starving, and after a half hour's gazing and munching, the lady remarked "Thanks. I came because I admire the architecture of your house."

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

AUGUST

1	**Golden Bough**—John Uppman, Baritone, with film "Love Me and The World Is Mine"
2	**Golden Bough**—Comedy "To The Ladies" Morris Ankrum, directing. Repeat Performance
2-3	**Carmel Playhouse**—Mystery Play "13th
4	Chair" with Alice MacGowan
3-4	**Forest Theater**—Children's Play "Inchling" by Rem Remsen. Irene Alexander, directing. Matinee on Friday. Evening of Saturday
4-5	**Golden Bough**—Noel Walser, Soprano, with film "The Tiger Lady"
5	**Divine Service**—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
EXHIBITS:	Saturday, Aug. 4th, opening of exhibit of Waldvogel textiles, Court of Golden Bough Henrietta Shore, paintings, Hagemeyer Studio Carmel Art Gallery, paintings by Carmel artists

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THE LISTENING EAR

When Carol, Junior, son of Dr. Carol Aronovici of Los Angeles and Berkeley, recently appeared in Carmel with a young bride announcing their marriage, his father, telephoned the news, received it a trifle gravely, because of the youth of the happy pair. He tendered his blessing, but it was evident that some heavy thinking must be done. Dr. Aronovici had never before been a father-in-law, in fact, he soon had a raging headache!

This is how, writing of the illness subsequent to so much thought, he explains it:

"After I left Carmel, my right ear assumed enormous proportions. If it had not been for the doctor's examination, I should have said it was ear fatigue due to Carmel gossip. It is only in Carmel that one needs such a large listening equipment. I am sure that residence in the community will develop a new race which might be called 'the race of the listening ear.' I came near to being the prototype."

Mrs. Marcella Burke, one of the brilliant younger writers of Hollywood, is in Carmel for the summer with her three children. She writes for several national magazines, Photoplay, Game and Gossip, The Franciscan. Carmelites will be finding their way into these magazines shortly, and any time you meet Marcella put on your best interviewee air because you don't know how much of the meeting will be reported.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY IN MAN IS GONE, BUT

among other species it is still an instinct. Miss Goodfellow, librarian, after she has put the public library to bed for the night, is escorted through the dark to her home nightly by a self-appointed cavalier, Bill Watson, the long-haired collie.

Carmel News

FIRE ALARM

The fire siren shrieks. Red lights blaze through the dark. Somewhere down there dense smoke is illuminated by a bright blaze underneath.

Heavens! Whose house? The Silva's? The Slevin's?

Luxuriously filled with a sense of horror, we hasten down the roadway.

Crackling against the dark is a huge brush fire. Already smoky steam marks its conquest at the edges, and the firemen, adored heroes of the small boys of the neighborhood, have it nearly under control. Relief and disappointment!

The townsfolk linger for a while, watching the drama of flame.

Then they wander home through the summer dark.

MANUSCRIPT PLAY CONTEST CLOSES

The prize play contest closes August 1, to-day, and the judges are busy reading the thirty odd plays that have been sent in. The decision will be made the first of the week, and the chosen play will be given production August 23, 24, 25.

W. I. L. TO DIG DEEP INTO THE FACTS OF ECONOMICS

The Women's International League, at their first meeting last week following the lecture here by Miss Addams, began plans for their autumn activities, to include a study of the questions "Who Pays for War? Who Gains by War?" Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger was made chairman of a committee to make these plans specific, and to select speakers or directors of study on the problems involved.

In the garden of the Allen Griffins,' ten miles up the Carmel Valley, some seventy or eighty people saw Miss Vahdah Kubert dance last Sunday evening. The flickering lights of smudge pots set about the sward added to the fantasy. Miss Kubert's dance is spontaneous, a free and unpatterned expression of her response to music played.

Although she has a strange dark beauty fitting to tragic moods, she chooses chiefly a lyric and child-like expression.

Miss Elsa Naess was to have accompanied her at the piano, as on the preceding Wednesday evening at the Hagemeyer studio. But when, lost on the road, Miss Naess did not arive, Miss Kubert improvised her dance quite simply instead to Laura Dierssen's Brahms.

But little do men perceive what Solitude is and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

—Francis Bacon.

People . . .

YOUNG ADVENTURE

Headed vaguely for "Chinapolis York, in the state of Tennabama" two young Carmel writers are preparing to depart via Ford for a trip of several months duration.

They are Robert S. Carr and Ralph Parker.

Carr, age 19, is said to be the youngest successful novelist in America, being the author of the best-selling "The Rampant Age." His short stories are featured in every issue of "Smart Set." His story, "Bluffers," is in process of production at First National Studios. At 17, he was associate editor of "Weird Tales Magazine." At 18, he was on the writing staff of the Paramount-Famous-Lasky studios in Hollywood, largest producers in the business.

Parker, a few years older, has traveled widely in the orient, far north and south seas. He writes travel articles and interviews for national magazines, and writes stories for the screen. Like Carr, he has been one of the Paramount-Famous-Lasky writers. At 17 he began planning his life for authorship. For material and background, he worked as miner in Alaska, entomologist in Japan, theatrical manager in China, propagandist in the Philippines and laborer in Hawaii.

Their map for the cross-country trip is a large blank sheet of paper. Their motto is, "Abandon every certainty for an uncertainty." Their equipment consists of a copy of "Jurgen," snakebite medicine (including orange juice and shaker) a Tuscaloosa telephone book and a spare set of It.

They will be back in a month or two, to settle down and write about the trip and other things.

* * * *

Anne Martin and Dr. Margaret Long have returned from Los Angeles where they saw Miss Jane Addams off to Honolulu after a very successful meeting. These two inveterate motorists are leaving in a few days for Denver, via Reno and Salt Lake City, where Miss Martin hopes to do a little organising for the Women's International League.

* * * *

George West, San Francisco journalist, has just been made Editor of The Argonaut in that city. Until now he was working with Californians, Inc. Both George West and his wife Isabel West, painter, often come to Carmel, and almost the first big article on Jeffers (from which, by the way, George Sterling quoted in his book on Robinson Jeffers) was by him.

Gabrielle Newby, after an absence of several months, has returned to Carmel, and will very soon be joined by her small son.

Personal Bits . .

Major Gaston di Prida, adventurer, soldier of fortune, patriotic and gallant revolutionist and patriot, arrived in Carmel from Mexico on Monday. He was Assistant to the Chief of Police at the Tia Juana race-track, but had to leave town on account of things said about Obregon shortly before the assassination. He is on his way to Manila and China.

Di Prida has been the material of stories of many American writers.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Panteleieff drove on Saturday to San Francisco, where Mr. Panteleieff was to deliver a speech of welcome at festivities honoring a bishop of the Russian church.

* * * *

Albert Rhys Williams has had an offer from J. M. Dent, the English publishers, to publish in England his book, "The Russian Land."

* * * *

Mr. Fremont Older, Editor of the San Francisco Call came to Carmel last Tuesday at the end of a tour of the old historical places of California—Bodie, Columbia, Minden, and so on. He and Mrs. Older stopped at Bear Valley to see Judge Trabucco, at San Jose to talk with William Gillis, who is 88 years of age and the last remaining friend of Mark Twain, and at many other places. At Carmel he visited the Lincoln Steffens' and was taken to the Carmelite office to meet his fellow members on the staff.

* * * *

Dr. MacDougal has returned from a visit to the Desert Laboratory at Tuscon where, among other activities, he photographed one of John O'Shea's Arizona paintings, and one of Paul Daugherty's pictures, by x-ray.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. James, who returned to their rock castle at the Highlands from Kansas City a few weeks ago, gave a farewell tea for the O'Sheas last Sunday. Many friends from all over the Peninsula came to bid them farewell.

* * * *

OUR EDITORS DEBATE

Lincoln Steffens and Ella Winter debated the question "Will Democracy Yield to Dictatorship?" before the People's Assembly in San Francisco last Thursday evening. Miss Winter gave as an example of how people do care about issues, when they have the power to influence them, the interest of Carmelites in the paving or non-paving of their streets. When question-time came an old gentleman arose heavily and asked offensively: "But can you call Carmel a representative American community?"

Mr. Steffens answered that with time and patience and hard work and some outside help, he hoped that Carmel might become, someday, as good as any community in the United States.

The Theatre . . .

"TO THE LADIES" AGAIN!

"To the Ladies" was so delightfully played last week at the Golden Bough that it will be repeated on Thursday evening of this week. It is a deliciously absurd comedy. The audiences who saw it last week lost themselves in sheer enjoyment. By the middle of the first act lightness of heart was upon them all, and laughter filled the room.

Morris Ankrum directs his plays with both the finish of the professional and the simplicity of the artist. His cast was excellent. There was not a weak member.

The play presents, with its tongue in its cheek, life as idealized by the Saturday Evening Post,—a suburban idyll. Every part was played in caricature,—Babbittry satirized. Emily Lowry and Houghton Furlong made a delightful suburban couple,—a ravishing little wife ambitiously urging on a not-too-brilliant young husband to greater and nobler conquests. Furlong's pantomime was excellent. Hally Pomeroy, as wife of the pompous head of the firm, was almost appallingly handsome and sauve.

The banquet scene was pure satire. Speech followed speech after the time-worn formulas. William Titmas as the ex-Congressman, uttering oratorical platitudes, and the toastmaster, were masterpieces.

"To the Ladies" is light as a feather. It is played with such lilt, wit, and light-hearted charm, that we cordially recommend it to those who have not already seen it. As for us, we enjoyed it so much that we went twice. —p. g. s.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR

Mathematics, mystery stories and gambling are the most generally accepted mental sun-baths of the busy century.

Mystery stories reveal an infinite variety. The old Found-Dead-Who-Did-It formula no longer suffices. The writer of today's detective stories shows the intricate events that lead up to the crime, then strikes straight into the solution.

Among mystery tales, told in terms of the theatre, Bayard Veiller's 13th Chair, is an almost perfect example of construction and technique. Clasping hands, in a circle, the guests of Roscoe Crosby sit in a locked room in the dark attempting to penetrate the Past. They approach the test with the same mixture of amusement, superstition, incredulity and hidden fear that any other thirteen persons would display. Then, in the dark, something happens and they are caught in a swirling drama that mounts to a tremendous finish.

For the Abalone League's production of the play, opening Thursday at the Carmel Playhouse, Alice MacGowan, Carmel writer of mystery plays, has been cast as Rosalie Le Grange, part mystic and part fakir, whose deft and inspired hands twist the skeins of mystery into a cord of evidence that binds the guilty one to the crime.

REM'S "BRATS" AND IRENE ALEXANDER'S ANGELS

If one of the chief justifications of amateur performances is that they are fun for the actors, Inchling fills the bill. Even if it were never performed, the sixty or so members of our Youngest Set who have been trotting, flying, wriggling, crawling, buzzing, swimming, across the Forest Theater stage these last few weeks have had enough pleasure; but it IS going to be performed. Next Friday afternoon at 2:15 p. m., and Saturday evening at 8:15 p. m. Inchling, ladybugs, mosquitoes, the mud (two of them) soldiers, leaves, bats, dewdrops and Mr. Snail who arrives too late to get into the play will appear in antennae, wings, spots and rings; and will declaim what they remember of their parts—(the writer speaks as the mother of a three-year-old participant and no offence is meant for the older members), for their own delight and the amusement of those grown-ups who have rigidly followed the Carmelite policy of laughter.

The Cast

Inchling . . . . . Joe Schoeninger
Golden Wings . . . . . Jane Hopper
Ladybug . . Elizabeth Anne Dobrzenski
Firefly . . . . . Wesley Miller
Terrible Mosquito . . . . . Billy Shepard
Gyem of the Woods, . . . Barrion Cator
Mr. Inchworm . . . . . Bernard Watson
Mrs. Inchworm . Helen Marie Neumark
Robin . . . . . Kenneth MacLeish
Two Muds . . . . . Donald Dawson and Doris Meacham
Mosquito Sentry . . . . . Helen Wilson
Wee Ant . . . . . Pete Steffens
Large Butterfly . . . . Eugenia Reynolds
Wood God . . . . . Elliott M. Durham
Foreman of Ants . . . . . Mary Biglund
George, a Cutter . . . . . Pat Crichton
Second Cutter . . . . . Marie de Amoral
Third Cutter . . . . . Florence Moller
First Mosquito Soldier Stacy Dobrzenski
Second Mosquito Soldier Seth Ulman, Jr.

The landscaping of the set is being arranged for and donated by H. A. Hyde, nurseryman of Watsonville.

JOHN UPPMAN, BARITONE

Those who have heard the rich, mellow tones of John Uppman's voice will rejoice that he is the special added atraction with the picture at the Golden Bough tonight, Wednesday. John Uppman was baritone of the American Opera Company for a season, and appeared in concert with Julia Claussen throughout the East with tremendous success. The picture, "Love Me and the World is Mine," is in itself no small attraction. Mr. Uppman is singing songs of Richard Strauss, Gretchaninow, and Jalowicz. He may also sing a Negro Spiritual or two, his friends promise us.

THE THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH
SPECIAL REPEAT PERFORMANCE

"TO THE LADIES"

THURS. AUG. 2
8:30 P. M.

FEATURE ATTRACTIONS WITH FILMS

AUG. 3: "DOOMSDAY"—FLORENCE VIDOR

AUG. 4, 5: NOEL WALSTER, SOPRANO—(PUPIL OF HOMER HANLEY)
FILM, "THE TIGER LADY"—MENJOU

AUG. 8, 9: VAHDAH KUBERT, DANCER
FILM, "TENDER HOUR"-BILLIE DOVE

AUG. 10: 2:30 P. M | PERRY DILLEY'S
AUG. 11: 8:30 P. M | PUPPETS

THURS. FRI. SAT. NIGHTS

The writer of mystery novels
ALICE MacGOWAN
plays the lead in

13TH CHAIR

By Bayard Veiller, author,
"The Trial of Mary Dugan"

Carmel Playhouse

VAHDAH KUBERT, DANCER, TO APPEAR WITH FILM AUGUST 8, 9

Vahdah Kubert, the Polish dancer, whose art has been delighting many since her coming to Carmel, is going to dance August 8, 9 at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, with the picture "Tender Hour," which is starring Billie Dove. Miss Kubert will dance a Gypsy Dance, and will be accompanied by Mary Ingels, pianist.

GOLDEN STATE

Telephone: MONTEREY 1500

Wednesday, August 1—
ESTHER RALSTON
in HALF A BRIDE

Thursday, Friday, August 2 - 3—
"THE CROWD"
Directed by King Vidor

Saturday, August 4—
William Haines, in
"THE SMART SET"

Sunday, August 5—
CHARLES RAY
in THE COUNT OF TEN
5 ACTS OF VAUDEVILLE

Monday, Tuesday, August 6 - 7
Corinne Griffith in
"THE GARDEN OF EDEN"
Added Attraction—
THE FOUR PLAYMATES, A MALE QUARTET

E. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

"A BARREL O' TROUBLE"

One of the puppet comedies to be brought to the Golden Bough next week.

"A Barrel O' Trouble" is an old French puppet comedy, and it belongs to the best puppet tradition in its effervescent gaiety and grotesque humor. Its chief character, Polichinelle, is the immortal buffoon of the French. He is light, mischievous, often subtle, but shows a sound common sense; he is an expression of the French spirit and is much beloved; he is found in the nursery and in French political writings. He is a national institution. His English cousin, Punch, is only a pale shadow of comedy and character of the Roman stage, but, where Punch is only a crude and vulgar half-caricature of the market-place, Polichinelle is the epitome of a culture.

The story is simple and a rather frail thing, considered in the light of modern short-story analysis. Polichinelle is thirsty. This is the theme and "motif." His sympathetic crony undertakes to supply him with the necessary quantity of drinkables to satisfy his terrible thirst. On the refusal of Polichinelle to pay for the barrel that has been brought him, the merchant engages the Sorcerer to bewitch it. Polichinelle's enmeshment in the toils of the Sorcerer's magic, furnishes the body of the play.

The Theatre . . .

CARMEL DISCOVERS WENDY GREEN

All this while we had known her as a shy young Englishwoman, with the polish, the dignity, and the inhibitions, of her country. Some weeks ago we had seen her cleverly act, in the Golden Bough, the character part of a spinster governess. Yet who but a clever director could have guessed the passion and the dramatic artistry waiting there to be used and expressed?

Wendy Green as Mariamne, in "Herod" last week at the Forest Theater, stood apart from the rest by the very exquisiteness of her speech and voice. The pleasure which her diction gave her hearers, is an indication of the loss American speech suffers in having become slipshod, thick, and muddy. Miss Green's words were delicately articulated as the lining of a sea-shell. And her voice. . .as she uttered the name of Herod twice, just before the stage was darkened at the end of Act One, was music long to be remembered.

The passion released in the love-moments of the play was acted with intensity and richness by both Almstead and Wendy Green.

Another moment which rang convincingly was the entrance, as the bearer of terrifying news, of the messenger. These lines had been learned by their player, Hal Bragg, only the night before. Yet they produced a thrill in the audience.

Annchen von Gaal was tempestuous as Salome. She has a talent for dramatic posture. Fulton Tooker, a youth of shy idealism, played the part of his prototype, the brother, with an appealing winsomeness; Chuc Chadsey took a grave part with dignity; and the voice of Neville Brush, as the Physician (with views notably sound from the point of view of modern psychiatry) rang with rich color. Mr. Brush is another player who knows how to speak.

Yet it is unfortunate that the lighting of the Forest Theater has such serious limitations. With such illuminative equipment it is impossible to cover with a veil of illusion the tawdry and unauthentic stage settings, or the "Costumes by Goldstein."

ON SEEING HEROD

By James Hopper.

One thinks: This sort of thing is dead. Who killed Cock Robin? Billy did. Four hundred years ago. Billy Shakespeare. That boy blank-versed so eternally well he killed the thing he loved. Killed it for the others. I mean, for the Stephen Phillipses et als who in the nineteenth century tried to carry on the genre, and simply could not forget him—could only squirm within his mighty meshes and imitate him—palely. Serving up white turnip to his red steaks of lion loin.

The difference between hisn and theirs (leaving out other distinctions, such as the fact, for instance that he was a marvelous poet) is LIFE. With the first drum-beat of his first line, with the first thump upon the boards of his first character's first toe, the stage lives. The stage of Mr. Stephen Phillips snores. No, it doesn't even snore.

You feel that the things Billy wrote were scratched out half upon the stage itself, half in the turmoil of roaring taverns; while the others are threaded out meticulously, inch after inch, in silent and ordered cabinets de travail lined with files.

And then, they do so try to be so turrible, the Stephen Phillipses and als. So turrible. Here comes the second reason why they are so dead: All those deeds they consider so gosh-awful are not so gosh-awful at all to us in our day. Fratricide, incest, rape—these are the subjects of our more frivolous conversations; of our hours of laughter. Hell is gone. And gone also the old personal God of the first Testament, ever wandering a few yards above us, prying out our misdeeds.

We know now we are electrons, and that Sirius is twelve light-years away; and many other interesting facts which I would here put down did I know them better.

Murder? We walk down Broadway, New York. An automobile sedan drives elastically to the curb and lets go with everything it has. Which means shot guns, bombs, rifles, and machine guns. A citizen dissolves on the sidewalk, the sedan goes on its leisurely way. A policeman nonchalantly sends after it a shot or two. He hits an old lady in the leg, a child in the arm. And we all go about our business, the only one suspected being the citizen so abruptly redistributed into his original electrons.

And our old friend R E Morse, ally or tortured tragic poet and writhing "lead"—where is R E Morse these days?

I have consorted for thirty years with poets, murderers, gangsters, Abalone Leaguers, bootleggers, Greenwich Village and Carmel culturinal exquisites, and I have seen no trace of our friend R E Morse. He is gone.

Thus it is that when the Forest Theater spreads out before us Mr. Stephen Phillips' smoky elucubration, we are able to sit it out only because Miss Alexander has an eye for beautiful groupings, and keep from laughing only because we are very polite.

For, Herod. . . it's too silly altogether. He drowns his brother-in-law. What a dreadful fuss made over the simple drowning of a brother-in-law! But there is worse: his wife leaves him. And because of that, HE GOES MAD! Can you beat that one? Silly stuff, Herod. On to our muttons.

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA

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EDITORIAL BOARD:
Pauline G. Schindler, Ella Winter Steffens
Dora Hagemeyer

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:
Fremont Older, Dane Rudhyar
Laidlaw Williams, Caroline Blackman
Susan Porter, Foreign Correspondent

STAFF ARTIST: Virginia Tooker

Editorials . . .

JUST THINK—HOOVER OR SMITH

This presidential campaign is a good chance to try out our strength of mind. There is a decision to make and act upon. The choice is small: between two not very different men and platforms. The question is not important. No great harm can come from a mistake either way. Our proposition is that we try not to decide how to vote till the day we go to the polls.

That will be hard. The mind of man is younger and weaker even than man himself, who is about the youngest animal on the planet. It can hardly work; it hates to think. It prefers to lay off and let the emotions do the laboring. In the late war the American people were driven almost crazy by the sudden decision to go in after we had elected a President to keep us out of the war. We behaved so badly that it is evident we need some training in slow thought and deliberate decision. A presidential election, with no war issue up, with no danger to excite our ever-ready fears, is a chance to practice our intelligence and measure our will power. There will be arguments of all sorts, most of them specious; there will be attempts made by both sides to stampede us; and we shall want to be stampeded. Like a jury, we shall, hearing one pleader, resent the other's plea which will throw into confusion the quick conclusion we want to form. We shall want to stop somewhere in the endless argument, grab at a decision and, then, to justify no more thinking, we'll be tempted to get mad or passionate or indignant. Any emotion will feel better than an open, active, rational mind. Not many will be able to go long without prejudice. But, just for fun, let's try it and see how many and which of us are biologically developed up to the point where we can suspend judgment and listen and think and—laugh out a presidential campaign.

Honest San Francisco couldn't play a game like this, or intelligent New York, but Wall Street will; the crooks in all cities and counties can and they do play it always. High-brow Carmel might—for once.

LET'S LET GO

Carmel is a super-community. Newcomers can see that; that is why we come here. And the old-timers say the same thing, but they don't seem to see it. Hence their conceit, conservatism and sobriety. Carmel is a super-community with an inferiority complex, a fear which New York for example, is just getting over; a reverence which Carmel can be got over, we think, we newcomers, if we can but make the old residents feel as they make us feel.

We can see that the old-timers here who have set the fine traditions of this lovely, unorganized place—the founders of our freedom—might take themselves the liberties they grant to others. They don't, neither with their lives, nor with their town, nor with their arts. They have too much respect for Art, Carmel and Liberty, to think of and play with them as playthings.

All beautiful things are toys; it is only merely useful things that are tools. That's why the mass production of the machines cannot hurt art; it will not make toys, which are as unnecessary and as luxurious as flowers. Let us then make wasteful bouquets of our flowers and play with our toys, as the children do and the backward peoples.

One night in Moscow a classic tragedy was presented re-written as a comedy. It was a fine old finished masterpiece which the Revolutionary Youth of Russia admired as we admire Hamlet or King Lear; and freed, young Russians made it over into a very beautiful comedy. They had respect, but they had no reverence for the good, old thing. They dared to play with it. They dare to play with anything, as they proved that same night.

The scene-settings were changed from time to time before your eyes—without any dropping of the curtain, by graceful, acrobatic, expert stage-hands, dressed all in uniform black. In the Intermission between the second and third acts of their four-act comedy, those black figures came out before the curtain and, in free pantomime, made a farce of their comedy. They played with their new comedy which played with the old tragedy.

Would any of the Carmel player groups play with King Lear that way, or Hamlet? Why not? It would make a delicious comedy, and the making of such a comedy would release the talent that is in Carmel. And there is precedent for it, if we must follow and not lead. If our players and our poets and our painters could catch the comic spirit of Moscow or the commercial spirit of Will Shakespeare, or the free spirit of Carmel, they would dare to say to themselves:

"We, too, have youth; we, too, have gifts; we, too, are free to play."

Then, we think, we new-comers here, that the Carmelites might live up to the tradition, and increase the liberties, and match in art the natural beauties of Carmel.

* * * *

There is but one law of art, for artists. All other laws are police regulations drawn by the critics from the lawless—men of genius. The one law runs:

The artist MAY do anything he CAN.

* * * *

Someday there will be no laws but the natural laws of liberty.

* * * *

When that day comes, men will know what they want, and they will be amused to discover that they want only what they can have.

Correspondence

Here comes a communication to the Carmelite from an artist

IN DEFENCE OF MODERNISM

This talking of an unsophisticated art and a return to the primitive strikes me as something most ridiculous.

Most of us will concede that art is an expression of the time in which it is created.

The rude scratchings on hillsides that remain for us are works of art and are an expression of the time when men dwelt in caves.

But I ask whether anyone would choose to return to such a stage? Are not the contributions of science, electric power, the conquest of the air, additions which we must accept? The result of such achievements stamps this epoch as one of sophistication. And if intellectuality, scientific progress, the advance of philosophy, mark this age, can we feel that a primitive, unsophisticated, untutored art could be real to us?

Some 20,000 years ago or thereabouts man became man. Ten thousand years later man was creating art. Now we are told that this art of ten thousand years ago is THE art.

Yes, it is THE art of ten thousand years ago. But during this time man has evolved somewhat. He has become an intellectual. He has become probably less intuitional, more intelligent.

To me the formula of a thousand years ago, or a hundred years, is obsolete. Unless the art of today bears evidence of an age which knows the radio and the airplane, and bears an intellectual as well as an emotional and aesthetic appeal, it is not true art, and does not appeal to me at all. I am a lover of truth, and only such art can be true.

—D. A.

Poems . . .

POETRY

"These two war poems, by two of England's great thinkers who are not primarily poets, somehow give one the feel of Jane Addams," wrote the English correspondent who sent them to us with the suggestion that they be printed while Miss Addams is in Carmel:

IN THE TIME OF THE BREAKING OF NATIONS

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch grass
Yet this will go onward the same
Tho' dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

—Thomas Hardy.

IN TIME OF WAR

So we lay down the pen;
So we forbear the building of the rime
And bid our hearts be steel for times and a time

Till ends the strife; and then
When the peaceful age is verily begun
God grant that we may do the tasks undone.

—George Bernard Shaw.

There's a poem in the current American Mercury, but a poem—a poem! The name of it is Many Hats, but the subject is the Grand Canyon, and you and me. The author is Carl Sandburg. Listen:

"The drums of the sun never get tired."
"If the wind has a song it is moaning: Good Lawd, I done done what you told me to do."
"The moon goes down here
as a dark bellringer do
ing once more what he has
done over and over already
in his young life.
Up on a long blue platform
comes a line of star-prints."

I asked of Heart: "How goes it??"
Heart replied:
"Right as a ribstone pippin!"
But it lied.

—Hilaire Belloc.

MY POSSIBLE

When I make it a permanent habit to idealize all people, all conditions, as I idealize my mate, through courtship, marriage, and life, I can reach a Heaven NOW, and one which is my personal, individual, choice.

—JB.

On the Wing . .

MIGRATION

By Laidlaw Williams

The question is often asked: "Why do birds migrate? What are the travels of an individual of a given species and does it return to its place of birth?"

Some birds change their place of residence from winter to summer by merely descending a mountain side. Others come down from the deep forests of the mountains and northern provinces to the warmer more open section in the south. Some species make irregular southward flights when their source of food is cut off because of an unusually cold winter. Explanations for these movements seem obvious.

But what can be the reason for the flight of many birds from one temperate region to another? Why do so many cross the equator and go to points in South America as far from the "line" as their summer home is north of it.

Shore birds excel in this great movement. Of these the Golden Plover has the most spectacular migration. The eastern race of this species breeds on the edge of the Arctic Ocean, and in the fall moves down to Labrador where it fattens on the various berries which grow there in abundance. Then, after a short trip to Nova Scotia, this non-swimming bird starts boldly over the ocean, southward, and does not rest till it strikes the Lesser Antilles, completing a non-stop flight of 2,400 miles. From there it proceeds by easier stages till it reaches Argentina. In the return flight it passes up through South and Central America and the Mississippi Valley, back to the Arctic again. Its Western representative, the Pacific Golden Plover, navigates a course once a year from Alaska to the Hawaiian Islands and back again. But the longest flight of all is that of the Arctic Tern which nests in the "most Northern land known" during the Northern summer and winters in the Antarctic during the southern summer, thus almost completely avoiding darkness except during migration.

Various theories have been put forth which try to explain the origin of migration. One of the most acceptable of these is that during the Ice Age the birds either perished or were gradually driven southward before the advancing glaciers. A more dominant species, when it reproduces to such an extent that the environment can't furnish it with sufficient food and room to breed, tends to expand and force surplus individuals elsewhere. As the glaciers retreated with the coming of warmer times, some such individuals proceeded north and during summer were able to rear their young. When winter came they were forced south again. Seasonal changes in climate continued and although the glaciers are gone, the habit of such movements remains. However, the theory is not fully satisfactory.

But knowledge of the distribution and migration of birds has, up to the present time, been concerned only with the species as a whole. The travels of a species with wide summer and winter ranges must vary considerably with individuals. Now, however, scientists are turning their attention to the study of single birds. By means of little aluminum bands placed on their legs, many interesting things are being found out. Intensive work of this sort is done by the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture with the aid of thousands of amateur cooperators. The birds are trapped alive, and, after careful examination in the hand, are released unhurt. Each band bears a number with a request to notify the Survey and a record of the original capture is sent to Washington. Of course, the percentage of "returns" is necessarily low, but some very worthwhile information has already been ascertained. For instance, at a place in Georgia, several birds of one species were banded during the winter. On several subsequent winters the birds were again trapped. They were able to find this one little spot in Georgia for winter quarters after having raised their broods at some point not further south than the latitude of Northern New York, the limit of their nesting range.

By banding, it will be possible to find to just what extent birds do return to their original nesting grounds; to what age birds live; whether birds of the species which are with us the year round are composed of the same individuals, or whether those from the North come to us in winter and those from the South in summer, or to what extent these actions interplay. These are but a few of the many problems to be solved by this work.

Perhaps the most extraordinary record of bird wanderings is that furnished by two Terns. Terns are like long-winged, gracefull little gulls. Last summer many fledgling Arctic Terns were banded, on one of their nesting grounds, off the Labrador coast. One of these was recovered at La Rochelle, France, in October. Several years earlier young common Terns were banded on a Maine island.. Four years later a native of West Africa happened to find one of these birds floating dead in the Niger River. He showed the strange aluminum ring on its leg to a missionary who conveyed the information to Washington.

Away in towns, where eyes have nought to see,
But dead museums and miles of misery,
And floating life unrooted from man's need
And miles of fish-hooks baited to catch greed
And life made wretched out of human ken
And miles of shopping women served by men.

—John Masefield.

Peter's Paragraphs

The Hawaiian girls sang their sweet songs in the hotel lobby and the rich Americans were visibly moved. One thought of the happy life those natives had evolved out there on these islands and of the wild flowers they had made of themselves, "till," said a guest, "we came along and took their islands from them, quite rightly; we are making millions where those backward people were making only happiness."

* * * *

A soprano was singing in the night, out of sight. There was nothing but the song and it was beautiful. If only we could hear singers and not see them; hear their songs and not their stories of love and vanity, lost jewels and divorces.

* * * *

Some one was declaring dogmatically that no one ever came logically to a great idea, not even philosophers. Scientists report their discoveries rationally and argue for them logically, but they also got their first unrecorded starts in flashes. "The human mind proceeds by hunches."

A quizzical look appeared upon the face of a scientist present. "It's odd," he said, "but looking back at my research problems, I can see in a flash that they all arose out of hunches."

And then, a couple of weeks later, he said he had just read that Einstein had received his revolutionary conception first as a hunch.

* * * *

Logic is the soul of wit, not of wisdom; that's why wit is funny.

* * * *

Raskob, the captain of industry who resigned (temporarily) from General Motors to manage the campaign of Governor Smith for the presidency has had his first effect upon his candidate. Smith has stopped laughing. He is posing as a serious character, as sober as Hoover, on week days. No telling what Smith does on his day off each week; his Sundays are his own. And even Hoover has to go fishing. The poses of politics are fatiguing and, we think, bad politics. Once when Theodore Roosevelt was running for Governor he felt that things weren't going his way. "I can fix that," he said. "I'll make a blunder and confess it." He knew that a mistake would look "human" and win him votes. So would a smile. So would an un-statesmanlike laugh, like Al Smith's. But Raskob, a businessman,—No, No, business is business.

* * * *

Calles, the President of Mexico, is hearing what Mexico thinks of his holding on to the dictatorship; and he is noticing who is for and who against it. His method is to listen long, lay his plans and then, suddenly, to act, openly. He has several months to listen, plan, decide. Meanwhile there is a sprinkle of prominent Mexicans coming abroad for their health. Calles could write interestingly about the folly of passing laws against an enemy who is dead and an evil that is past, leaving the law to hamper you yourself.

* * * *

The news of an international engagement among ruling princes is annouced from Hollywood. And the ruling bankers of Wall Street and the Federal Reserve are complaining that corporations, industrialists and other outside capitalists are lending call money to the amount of one billion eight hundred millions, which is twice as much as all the banks together have in the stock market, thus breaking the old control of credit. Our thrones are moving.

* * * *

The Eastman Company announces the perfection of color photography so that the Movie is a complete machine: color, motion and sound. Now for the new artists: actors, playwrights, directors, photographers and business-managers. The fans it has, this coming art, millions of them; as no other art has.

* * * *

There is some scandal about the Nobile arctic expedition. There is always trouble on such trials of human endurance, usually they are wrongfully suppressed. One of the justifications of such adventures is that, by putting the explorers to the extreme test of physical and character endurance, we can see how far WE have progressed toward perfection of self-control, how far MAN falls short from his ideal of himself. Not Nobile alone is to go on trial in Rome; all of us shall see ourselves there.

ABALONE LEAGUER GRADUATES FROM THE BALL TO THE SCREEN

Fred Gowdin, son of Mrs. Helen Mueth of Hotel La Playa, an "ancient" Carmelite, and one of the original members of the Abalone League, has just signed a five-year contract with Universal. His name on the screen will be Fred MacKaye.

Mr. Godwin considers himself very lucky to have arrived after comparatively so short an apprenticeship. He has been in Hollywood only a year and a half, playing extra parts and bits. It was Wesley Ruggles, his director, who saw his possibilities, and cast him in the film "Forbidden Love" as hero, playing opposite Mary Philbin. This film was taken from the play "Salvage," and will not be released for three months. Its scenes were largely shot in San Francisco.

The next play Godwin will do is "The Play Goes On," which is the film version of Molnar's play: "The Play's the Thing." Dr. Paul Fayos will direct this.

An amusing coincidence discovered during the filming of "Salvage" was that Otis Harlan, the other man in the play, was a friend of Fred's father 32 years ago; it was only by chance that they discovered it. Maybe the Abalone League will foster talent in more fields than one!

The Youngest Set

Mary Reynolds Linn (6), grand-niece of Miss Jane Addams, has her troubles also. (She and her family were staying in Carmel last week.) She is very shy and her mother asked her why she does not like to go out among people. "Oh" said Mary Reynolds Linn, "I have to smile all the time, and my smile gets stuck on my face and won't move and it hurts."

* * * *

Pete Steffens (3), got a job while he was at Yosemite, as Assistant to the starter. He began as we all should by working himself into the confidence of the man who directed traffic in front of the Ahwahnee. The starter explained to him the drivers who drove in one way were "all right," they followed the signs posted. The others who ignored them and came in the wrong way were "stupid." So Pete helped by saying out loud "That driver is all right; this driver's stoopid." And the traffic starter was "the stoopid man."

* * * *

Pete Steffens was fired from his job in Yosemite because one afternoon when the traffic was unusually heavy, the director of the omnibus company came down to the door and asked for Pete and heard that he had gone swimming.

"I am sorry" said the director, "but for the sake of discipline I must discharge the Assistant Starter."

* * * *

Mrs. Julia Breinig was seen in Carmel this week with her somewhat thinner but at least recovered chicken-pox patients, Enos Silva and Peter Breinig. They will be glad when the Nursery School starts again which will be in about two weeks.

* * * *

An adventure in the Youngest Set:
"My head was upside-down, my foot was caught in the chain, my nose was rubbing on the cement, and I didn't cry; that's why I'm too strong because that's why I'm too strong becos that's why I eat lots of soup 'cos I don't cry."

* * * *

Christopher Baynes (4), has arrived in Carmel, fair-haired, blue-eyed and white-skinned. We are going to see what a Californian winter can do for him in the way of sunburn. He has already caught the Carmel habit of living in a bathing suit, and, for the rest, he is at present engaged in learning patio golf.

* * * *

Diana, Pat, and Mary Alice Burke are inspecting the beach on the Point. They are also learning from Garth and Donnan Jeffers the delights of bathing by the river-mouth.

Miss Eunice Gray gave away two kittens. After a week's ownership the new owner received a four-page printed pamphlet from Miss Gray starting "Does your cat get sufficient to eat?" and ending: "How to chloroform your cat."

World News . . .

The forthcoming visit of Secretary Kellogg to Paris to sign his multilateral treaty for the renunciation of war, promises to be the most important diplomatic mission since President Wilson's visit to Versailles. It is planned to have the fifteen invited powers sign the pact in Paris, all nations save Poland having agreed, but Poland's reply in the affirmative is expected very soon.

* * * *

The acceptation of President Calles by the Obregon leaders seems to be a significant move toward a solution of the crisis resulting from the recent assassination of the President-elect. The support of Aaron Saenz, Governor of Nueva Leon, is particularly of interest, and may result in the President succeeding himself provisionally, should a way be found under the constitution.

* * * *

The United States has recently signed a new tariff treaty with China, making effective complete national autonomy on January 1, 1929. The new treaty provides annulment of previous unequal tariff agreements between China and the United States, and treatment in no way discriminatory as compared with that accorded any other country.

* * * *

Although she never heard of the ancient Spartans who put to death the physically unfit among their infants, a stork in the Zoo at Cincinnatti did this very thing recently.

Three storks were hatched, one alone remaining the size of a pigeon. After futile attempts by the mother to make the cripple walk, the mother and father went into a conference. Soon after, the mother pecked at the crippled baby until it was dead.

Perhaps we can learn from storks.

Fundamentalists, please note.

* * * *

Those followers of the sport who maintain that an athlete cannot come back, are receiving food for thought from events in Europe. Bill Tilden staged a sensational rally to defeat his French "bete noir," Rene Lacoste. Nurmi, the flying Finn, veteran of three Olympic campaigns, showed his heels to the pack in the strenuous ten thousand meter race, which included Ritola and the aged, but game, Joie Ray from America. Is it the Age of youth, or are the veterans having their inning?

* * * *

Lord Asquith's secret war diary is now being published serially in a Hearst publication, and should be of universal interest. To quote at random: Admiral John Fisher, famous British naval commander, proposed that all German prisoners in England be shot as a reprisal for the Zeppelin raids in 1914. After all, maybe the war could have been worse!

* * * *

The great Cathedral of Mexico City, one of the most beautiful and important architectural works of the world, may remain permanently closed to the public due to the weakening of the walls and foundations. Recent earthquakes have increased their instability, and the government has ordered that the Cathedral be closed indefinitely.

KEYS TO OURSELVES

Dr. Peter Baynes is always a mine of fascinating interest, conjecture and speculation. He has what few scientists, and fewer psychologists, have, a vivid and concrete vocabulary; his style, and therefore his thought, is clear. Talking about children and savages the other day he said: "Children are savages. They see things simply; savages are not complicated, as so many people think; on the contrary, primitive behavior is simple, and the reason it is hard for us to understand it is because we have got so far away from simple primitive behavior ourselves. We rationalise so much, and every rationalisation takes us further from, and therefore further away from the possibility of understanding our instinctive, intuitive life."

Natural behavior is, however, never straightforward. It is oblique. Nature is oblique. That is why our dreams are oblique.

The dream makes an analogy for us and thus we can bear to examine it. The child that has scratched up its father's motor-car and says:

"I didn't scratch it with a nail!" can bear a confession in this form, when it could not stand a "straight" confession.

Dr. Baynes tells an interesting story about some Yorkshire farmers in illustration: There was a terrific storm, such as is only experienced on the bleak windy English moorland. The farmers watched a long while, and when it is over, one almost whispers to the other in an awe-struck voice: "Bill, did yer see that big black horse in the sky?"

The elements among primitives are always personified in this way, and children endow abstract objects with personality until "taught" otherwise.

NOEL WALSTER, COMING OPERA STAR, TO SING WITH FILM AT GOLDEN BOUGH

Noel Walster was "discovered" by Luella Melius of the Chicago Grand Opera Company during last year's season in San Francisco.

Miss Walster, is only seventeen, and very beautiful. She is looked upon by many as one of the coming "big singers." Miss Walster is to sing with the picture "The Tiger Lady" at the Golden Bough on Saturday and Sunday nights.

FROM A MONTEREY STUDIO TO CARMEL

Stepping into that quiet spacious room, cool within its thick adobe walls, and shuttered with blue-green shutters, I recognized instantly its aristocracy of quality. It was reticently hung with textiles, and on a low square table there lay, more in an arrangement whose very composition again showed the artistry of reticence. About these wall hangings and gowns on display there was a peculiarly dazzling brilliance which came, not from a thick splashing on of colors, but from an almost uncanny knowledge on the part of the artist, Emma Walvogel, of how to relate colors.

The difference between the textiles and those of the ordinary commercially successful designer and those of Emma Waldvogel is the difference between the pseudo and the real. This work is cool, almost chaste; it is impersonal, and highly stylized. Yet there is an authenticity about it, a rightness,—a health, one might call it. A universality too. For a frock by Waldvogel is a garment of distinction irrespective of the fashions of a moment, and can be worn till the very threads give way.

The wall hangings and gowns of this artist will now be seen in Carmel as well as in Monterey. In a small studio on the upper floor of the Golden Bough they can be seen beginning this Saturday and thereafter.

AN AMAZING CHILD ARTIST

The exhibition at the East West Gallery, in San Francisco, of the work of Wah Chang, ten year old Chinese artist, is a revelation.

He is the son of artists, from the age of three years using pencils, paints etc. as a play medium; never forced, but given a sympathetic atmosphere to work in,—In him that elusive thing, the creative instinct, has had a chance to flower.

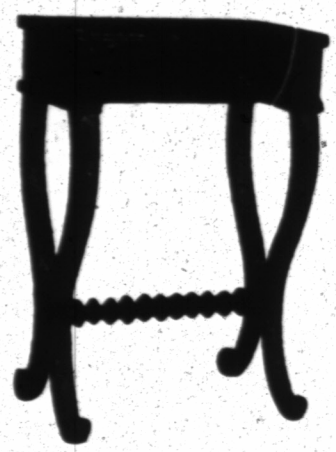
In this work, hanging double file on the gallery walls, one is astonished. First at the quantity, then the quality. The depth of feeling and philosophy shown. A childish naivete combined with a sureness of technic in many mediums. Etchings, drawings, wood-blocks, mono-types, water colors—versatility without the sacrifice of quality.

The Oriental feeling for line is there, but without the limitations of inheritance. Wah Chang recognizes limitations chiefly because he has never been taught that there is an unattainable in Art.

In this teaching one point is made. Children who have the chance to learn the necessary technic early, are freer to express themselves when they have something to say than is the older person who has to make a conscious effort for perfection.

—Alberte Spratt.

The river runs swift with a song,
But the mountain stays and remembers.
—Tagore, "The Crescent Moon."



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BAD PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

By Fremont Older

Marquita Mendoza was not her underworld name. She was professionally known by one quite as musical, but if I used it this story might identify her. Marquita made good copy for the newspapers for several weeks in the old days before "The Line" was closed in San Francisco.

"The Line" was what was known as the segregated district. Within its boundaries prostitution was semi-legal. There was a definite law against it which the "moral" people would not repeal. That would be a sin. If prostitution were practiced within the boundaries of this district and under the strict regulation of the police it would be tolerated.

This old system had existed for more than fifty years, but finally an eloquent Baptist preacher came along and made a fiery crusade against this glaring compromise with the devil. He frightened the police and the district was abandoned, the women were scattered over the city and more at the mercy of the police than ever before. "The Line" method was ideal for graft. The respectable portion of the city kept aloof from what they considered a plague spot—a necessary evil—and left the regulation of it to the police. The only regulating that was done was to demand a certain sum of money from each woman each week, and the "pimps" were the collectors. Failing to pay, the women would be prosecuted under the law and sent to jail.

Jimmy Lawlor, beginning humbly as the "pimp" of one girl, rapidly grew in power. He soon had several girls working for him and out of their earnings paid the police. Marquita was one of his girls.

Lawlor grew ambitious and greedy, and independent of the police. He made political connections with the railroad and other corporations. Thus entrenched, he felt strong enough to defy the police and refused to pay for his girls.

The police promptly retaliated by having him arrested and charged with white slavery. Marquita was induced to "snitch" on him, and her evidence was sufficient to convict. For days the newspapers were full of her stories of Lawlor's brutality to her. Whenever her earnings fell short of what Lawlor demanded he beat her up, as he did all the other girls. Here was a case that would easily arouse sympathy. The public became indignant and Lawlor was sent to the penitentiary with a limit sentence.

The police were satisfied, justice had been vindicated, but Marquita was ruined. While Lawlor had angered the police by holding out protection money, Marquita had broken the most sacred law of the "United Brotherhood of Pimps," which was that no girl could ever work on "The Line" again if she "snitched" on her man. Marquita was driven from the district and could no longer work at her trade. Completely ostracised by her own

class she came to me at The Bulletin office and asked me to get her a respectable job. She wanted to reform.

Fortunately at that time there was an unusually fine woman at the head of the service department of one of the department stores. I called her on the telephone and told her the story of Marquita. She was familiar with the case and promised to put Marquita to work at once. "But," she said, "she will have to change her name. Every one in town knows about Marquita Mendoza."

I turned to the girl and told her that I had a job for her but that she must take some other name.

"What name shall I use?" she asked.

"Jones," I replied. "Jones is a good, solid, respectable, unalluring name. Just the thing. Mary Jones. Marquita is 'little Mary' in English. Goodby and good luck. Let me hear from you."

A month later the department store woman rang me up and told be that "Mary Jones" was doing splendidly. "She is already one of the most efficient girls in the store."

I was feverishly busy at that time with my crusade against graft, and had completely forgotten this incident.

Nearly a year later, the day before Christmas, the boy at my office door announced "Miss Jones."

"Miss Jones!" I repeated, puzzled. "What does she want? I never heard of her."

"She says you will know her when you see her."

"Very well. Show her in."

She instantly detected that I did not recognize her. "Don't you know me?" she asked.

"No," I replied. "I am sorry, but I really do not."

"You ought to. You named me. I am Marquita Mendoza."

What a change! Not a trace of the girl I had met only a few months before. Her beautiful Spanish eyes were hidden by horn-rimmed glasses. All the softness and charm in her face was gone. Even the voluptuous lips seemed to have grown thin and straight.

"I did not want Christmas to pass," she said, "without thanking you for saving me from that dreadful life. I have done very well, indeed. I know only nice girls now, and I save my money. I am never out in the evenings, except to attend religious meetings and speeches at the Young Women's Christian Association, and I am buying the Encyclopedia Britannica on the installment plan."

Even her voice had changed. It was harsh. There was a definiteness in its tone. She had become respectable.

"I am going to make something of myself," she went on. "You see if I don't. You will be proud of me some day."

"Perhaps," I said sadly as we parted.

I shall always regret the loss.

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Books . . .

CARMEL IN THE MAGAZINES

Carmel has made a splurge in the papers and magazines this month, in quality as well as quantity.

James Hopper has a charming children's story in the Delineator, "Beyond the Garden" which as well as being a moving tale, gives a very good idea of two psychological types, and raises the question in one's mind whether one can tell by the behavior of children what they will be like when they grow up. Mr. Hopper has also in McClure's the first of a series of twelve articles he is writing on the Congressional Medallists. Mr. Hopper was himself on the staff of McClure's twenty years ago, when he first returned from the Philippines; the magazine was then under the Editorship of Mr. Lincoln Steffens.

Jesse Lynch Williams has an article in the current Scribner's on "The Bad Influence of Good Homes." The article is in the form of the Socratic dialogue, the arguers being for and against the idea that family life can be made interesting.

In the July "Scientific American" Dr. D. T. MacDougal writes on "Growing our own Rubber," an account of the Guayule, a native American rubber-producing shrub which is being cultivated on a large scale in California.

Mr. Steffens writes in the American Magazine on the liberal education it has been to him to become a father at nearly sixty, and the article is adorned by photos of our very own "Pete" (whom readers of this paper cannot but be aware of). The article expounds Mr. Steffens' original ideas on bringing-up, and ilustrates from anecdotes of his own boyhood.

The Forum has a lengthy telegram from Mr. Steffens in support of Upton Sinclair, who is debating with Arthur Train, in which the following sentence appears: "I used to report Dill when I was a Wall Street reporter and he said things that no newspaper would print about financiers, judges, lawyers, journalists and Man. They were true things and therefore incredible, as Dill knew."

In the same issue of the Forum are an article, two poems and a photograph of Mary Austin, the article entitled "Genius, Talent and Intelligence."

Ella Winter is continuing her correspondence for the English "Manchester Guardian," her last three articles being on California, more particularly Carmel. They are entitled "Flowering California," "Making a Garden in California" (which we understand describes the activities of our own Mr. Edgarton) and "The Talking Tourist," her experience of lecturing and lecturers in America.

Marcella Burke has three articles out this month, one in the San Franciscan, one on Marion Davies' new beach house, in "Game and Gossip" and one in Photoplay. Who says Carmel is not versatile?

Mr. William Overstreet has been host this week to a distinguished brother, Professor Harry Overstreet, of New York, who is giving courses in Psychology at Berkeley this summer, and whose recent book helps to explain us to ourselves. Folk of Carmel who have taken courses in Social Philosophy with Professor Overstreet at Columbia have found them utterly memorable, and of permanent force and value.

ORAGE ON THE WAY

The coming of Mr. A. E. Orage is awaited in Carmel with some eagerness. He will shortly arrive from New York, where his lectures on the "Psychology beyond Behaviorism" have created something more than a stir. He was formerly the editor of The New Age, a liberal English weekly.

E. W. Marland, millionaire Oklahoma oil operator for whom Jo Mora is making his Indian statues, is ariving in Del Monte next week.

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Out-of-Door Life

Carmel is the haunt of more than one passionate student and lover of nature. There is Mrs. Rowntree in the Highlands. who raises seeds from the wild growth of the surrounding country, and sends them to all parts of the world. She is planting Carmel life on far continents.

There is Laidlaw Williams, making a study of bird life which has made him something of an authority among elder ornithologists. There is also, just now, Mr. Leslie Fulton, an equally intense student of birds, (whose sister, Mrs. Tooker of Carmel, says that although she recognizes so far only sixty varieties of local birds, she hopes to know more by the time she has been here a bit longer).

And there is Miss Eleanor Smith, whose affection for the life of growing things in fields and forest has been communicated to many a youngster in Carmel, and stimulated him to scrutinize more thoroughly, and with greater understanding, the miracles of growth which surround us all.

Miss Smith contributes the following article on

MID-SUMMER WILD FLOWERS ON THE CARMEL SANDS

"It's mid-summer. The fields are brown and dead. Wild flowers are gone for this season," one hears it said.

But right in front of Carmel on the sand dunes by the sea are great mats of trailing golden sand-verbena, their plump, sticky younger leaves all glued up with sand like small sticky hands, their rich, clustered golden blooms smelling like oranges.

Here and there one finds their pretty pink sisters, more slender and delicate, crowned with dainty clusters of lilac-pink, with a fragrance like a faint whiff of vanilla.

Out on the point by the river-mouth a third sand-verbena, or abronia, is found, a pale mauve, with larger green leaves.

Joy of all the children, old and young, are the fruits of the Indian fig, ripe when they're a dull red—"tunitas" the Spanish called them, who dried them in quantities for winter, as the Indians before them did. It's a cerise colored mesembryanthemum, closely related to the large "beach apple," which also has three-sided, prism-shaped leaves, and gay flowers which are first pale yellow, then a bright pink, which give way to coarse, astringent fruits, not at all good.

Lavender, golden-centred dune daisies; straw, russet, scarlet Indian paint-brushes; little sprawling, pale-yellow, dwarf evening primroses, humble cousins of the great flowered beauties, unfolding their pale petals late in the day; all these add their lovely touch of color to Carmel's white sands. They snuggle in the sandy hollows, with many another gay and sturdy summer blossom, such as the slender though crowded stalks of the wild broom, the odd gummy-budded grindelia, so good for colds, and as a remedy for poison oak. The grindelia has rather large, stiff stemmed, sunflower shaped blooms about two inches across. Then there are the beach golden yarrow, dune dandelions, the quaint little "Poor Man's Weather-glass" or scarlet pimpernel, and the like.

Down on the rocky cliffs there are dense gardens of wild flowers,—but that is another story.

—Eleanor Shane Smith.

WHAT IS GOOD AND BAD?

Dr. H. G. Baynes, English psycho-analyst at present resident in Carmel, commented so interestingly, in the course of conversation, on the article "A Good Man's Story of his Bad Boyhood," that we asked him to jot down some of his remarks:

"You have asked me to put down a few suggestions and associations prompted by that article last week. They are in the nature of notes or aphorisms.

"'Good' and 'bad' are criteria of local application only. They are values or modes of opposition existing in distinctive forms in distinctive social milieux. The 'criminal' tendencies of the bad boy of this age have as much historical justification and therefore as much theoretical right to exist in some form or other as those tendencies which are called good.

Everything we now call 'good' has also been regarded as bad by our forefathers and vice versa. A child is the product of the whole planetary past, and it is at first by no means self-evident to him that the particular social forms of that transverse section of history in which he now finds himself, are necessarily superior to every other possible form which have as much a priori right to be lived. Most children learn to bow to the **force majeure** of the 'here and now,' but usually without being essentially convinced. They are cajoled, persuaded, coerced to accept the given conditions, but there is usually to be observed a deep **reservatio mentalis** glinting through their ostensible acquiescence. The thing which sets a child's teeth on edge so that he is eventually stubbornly convinced that the world is all wrong, is a fanatical or tyrannical belief in the people around him that the existing forms have a kind of absolute validity and that they have superseded past forms because of their absolute superiority. The child reacts to the fanaticism or the ignorant one-sidedness of this parvenu attitude and refuses to believe that it can contain any value at all. Sabotage and general bolshevism are symptomatic of a repressed antithesis to the existing thesis.

"This reminds me of the story of the lunatic who was asked by a visiting psychologist after a long and interesting talk how he came to be where he was. The man replied: 'Well, you see, I said the world was mad and the world said I was mad, and the world outvoted me.'

"In Victor Hugo's masterwork, 'Les Miserables,' the criminal theme is the very one we are discussing. The youthful 'criminal' stole a loaf of bread from a bakery to feed his sister's starving family. This motive being ignored, he was sent to prison as a criminal. He was cast out by society and became a wolf raging for revenge. He came as a starving wolf to the old Abbe's door, was received as a guest, and offered that genuine hospitality of the heart which is based on a profound acceptance of the kinship of the human family.

"But the outcast's ice-crust of resentment and inferiority is not thawed. He is not convinced that he has been accepted. He steals the Abbe's silver in the night and goes off with it. He is brought back by the police, and the Abbe explains that he had given him these things.

"At last he is convinced that he is accepted, and his attitude undergoes a profound change. He now belongs to the human family. All those forces which have been developed through the ages in the slow labour of converting the wolf and the gorilla into the solidarity of the human family begin to awaken from their long slumber in his soul. The wolf is still there, but he knows now that he can come to terms with it. He no longer projects it in fury and bitterness upon the blindness of social injustice. Systems of justice, penitentiaries, social institutions, are not what men feel. They are fortifications to protest the immeasurable defencelessness of man, who at bottom is seething and alive with fears.

"Good and bad are general human properties, just as proteins and carbohydrates are general properties of life. Only the particular grouping and combination of these elements is individual. The grouping of elements which has a constructive tendency we call good; and the destructive, bad. Thus the essential attitude of a man which conditions this individual grouping can alone give us the key by which we can judge his actions.

"So we come back once again to the Chinese sage Lao-Tze who said, 'It is not a question of what you do, but always how you do it.' "

BITTER PLAINT OF A PLAYGOER

No, I'm off the "draama." I'm off "Art." I don't want to hear any more discussions about art, or serve on any more committees to solve problems of a town oversupplied with theatres, or promote any more plays.

I want to go home, and light my pipe, and sit by the fire for a whole evening, luxuriously saying, thinking, and doing, NOTHING!

Mr. Edward Kuster, owner of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, has arrived in Carmel for a short visit, and while here will confer with the executive committee of the Theatre Guild on the future of the Golden Bough.

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The Coming Race

SAILING IN SAND

Two small boys, very small, spied an old skiff drawn far up on the beach.

"Lets go way out to sea," one boy proposed, as they climbed in. The second boy hesitated. He got into the boat, but he wondered:

"Are we going way out to sea?" he asked.

"We are way out already," the first boy said, and he was indeed hard at work keeping the boat under weigh and level; it was rather real, so real that the second boy thought evidently that they might sail out on the ocean.

"Are we going out to sea?" he asked, a bit alarmed.

"We are out to sea," the first boy insisted, "and the waves are all over us, Watch me dive."

The second boy looked around him; no water, no waves. He was all at sea on this ocean of the imagination, which was real to the first boy.

And yet these two boys are likely to be sent to the same school to be given the same education, two distinct varieties of the human species.

UNAPRECIATED

Max, aged six, to his mother, (after being scolded.)

"What would you do if I ran away?"

"It wouldn't trouble me in the least, sweetheart."

Max ponders this rather surprising statement for some time, then says: "But don't you want an ARTIST in your family?"

• • • •

The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted. —John Keats.

RED RIDING HOOD. ONE OF PERRY DILLY'S PUPPETS.

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